

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

AS TO A FLEXIBLE VOLUME OF MONEY.

There is a demand that the congress, the coming winter, shall amend the currency laws in the direction of elasticity. This demand comes the most strongly from the great money centers and from bankers generally. It is said that the president is very thoroughly convinced that some amendment which would permit or provide for an increase of currency at such times as the supply fails to meet the demand, such as the crop moving season, or when from whatever cause a panic is threatened from a money stringency, should be enacted.

Being neither a banker nor a financier, the editor of the Eagle does not assume that he comprehends all the ins and outs of the monetary problem. But common honesty demands and common sense and every-day experience teaches that money must be good, that the currency shall be on an unquestionably sound basis, so that it may be subject only to minimum fluctuation. We believe that the stability of the United States currency had much to do with tiding the country over the late appalling situation, brought about by unlimited speculation in Wall Street. Everything in the country, all interests, enterprises and values, save watered stocks and hypothecated securities, were on a solid, unfluctuating gold basis. The speculative craze alluded to and which is now in course of liquidation was inspired by an almost unprecedented prosperity. The question with us is, if the volume of the currency was so regulated that it might be in a time of squeeze indefinitely enlarged, would not the fact of itself lead to rampant speculation, in warranting Wall Street in discounting the future, on the presumption that in the event of a squeeze relief would be found in a flexible currency? Is there not, therefore, naturally, greater safety with a money system which is unyielding and unvarying in its volume and value than in one subject to increases and decreases, and therefore possibly of less certain value?

The average congressman knowing no more about the money question than the average editor, we feel safe in asserting that any attempted reformation of the monetary system of the country at this time may prove dangerous work. Consolidated Steel stock, but a short time ago, would have been a seemingly safe security for almost any amount of currency issue. But today that bank would be in a deplorable fix which had materially enlarged the volume of its authorized issue with Consolidated Steel as the security. While it is true that money in sufficient volume can avert a panic, still the money must be sound or it can not.

It has been asserted for some time that President Roosevelt would urge upon the extra session, or otherwise upon congress in its next regular session some modification of the currency law. It was given out further that owing to Cannon's well known opposition to any and all currency tinkering the president sent for him only last week, presumably for a conference over proposed amendments. Lyman J. Gage, late secretary of the treasury, is out in a long paper in which he contends for the sufficiency of our present currency system. But yesterday morning's dispatches from Washington state that President Roosevelt has come to the conclusion that he is facing a serious problem in the money question. The fear is that the agitation of the question might precipitate a panic. Some of the president's most trusted friends have advised him that to press upon the extra session any recommendations for monetary legislation would be dangerous, that alarm would follow from such a recommendation which alarm would be augmented when bills were introduced and discussed. The same dispatch says that the president has taken these suggestions under serious consideration and that before determining anything he will consult with a number of leading financiers.

At this particular juncture why might not the adage of "let well enough alone" apply as well to the money as to the tariff situation?

OF LEO XIII AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

The interest of the non-Catholics of Europe and America seems as lively as that of the Catholic world in the election which has been in progress in the Vatican. It is more like a nominating convention or the election of a United States senator by the members of the legislature, only there can be no adjournment further than the row of cells. It is possible for an election of a pope to be prolonged indefinitely. It was not so formerly. Gregory XV made a rule that if the cardinals did not agree or make a choice in three days they should be restricted to a single dish per meal for the next five days, and after that straight bread and water. In later years, however, these rules have been relaxed. The discomforts inevitably connected with life in a Vatican cell are supposed to be sufficient inducement to a speedy election.

Many are the interesting incidents which are now being recalled and related of the dead Leo XIII, of characteristic sayings and doings of a man whose religious belief did not diminish his love for all mankind. One of his pleasantest recollections was his visit to England nearly sixty years ago, during his residence as papal nuncio at Brussels. On arriving in London he was soon received by the young Queen Victoria. "Never shall I forget the emotion," he related afterwards, "as I kissed that small hand, looked into those profound eyes, and felt the sunshine of that bright smile. She took a personal interest in my modest affairs, yet me at once at my ease, and gave me a lesson in the bearing of a sovereign towards a subject which I always remember, and which, I may add, has often been useful to me since."

THE GRAFT UNIVERSAL.

Unquestionably this is a graft era upon which we have fallen, but it is not so universal as talked by some or so fast set as developments in Missouri would seem to indicate. District Attorney Jerome, who has been essaying the role of ferret, declares that the graft pervades every phase of American life. This was said as a sort of apology for the men who have been in the habit of wringing money from employers in the name of labor organizations.

Mr. Jerome, who has been looking up the law bearing upon the practices of the agents of labor unions, declares that the most recent court of appeals decision, which was written by Judge Alton B. Parker, declares it legal for labor unions to force employers to pay waiting

time when the men are on strike, or to impose fines on employers, or to refuse to work with non-union men. This is simply pessimistic. Of course New York is a graft filled with grafters. So we have Jerome further declaring that "everybody who has studied public life has been appalled at its corruption. There is a general belief that every state legislature and the national legislature are given to 'grafting.' Why should public life be so debauched? I have come to the conclusion that it is only a reflection of private life. There is 'grafting' everywhere. This sort of thing runs through everything, high and low."

When the whole community comes to openly condone "grafting," or any other form of theft, it will be about time to shut up shop and take to the woods.

BRITISH POLITICS GROW HOT.

If there is any truth in the old saying that straws show which way the wind is blowing, Joe Chamberlain must be experiencing some uncomfortable moments at the present time. In one of the election districts last week the candidate who was a supporter of the colonial secretary's new policy was defeated.

But that is not all. There is a split in the Tory ranks now, and twelve of the eighteen ministers are reported as opposed to the tariff policy. Even his brother Arthur has come out against him, and several influential newspapers have repudiated the party.

All efforts to have Chamberlain drop his new policy have been unavailing, for he appears to think he has gone too far now to back down. The prospects, therefore, for his being snowed under in the next elections are very good. But he is not going to give up without making a hard fight. His latest plans are to appoint dukes to positions where they may be of some aid to him, a scheme he found successful on another occasion.

But those who have watched the trend of affairs fail to see where this plan will aid him in the present crisis, for the Unionist party today is on the verge of a split as deep and disastrous as was the home rule split in the Liberal party in 1886. To all appearances Mr. Chamberlain seems to have overreached himself, and his latest issue may mark the beginning of the end of his ambition to be prime minister.

"A. JOHNSON, TAILOR."

President Andrew Johnson lived at Greenville, Tenn., a town of 1,800 population, and one of the oldest in the state, about sixty miles northwest of Knoxville. The building he occupied for a shop when following his old trade still stands, and the old sign is allowed to remain in its place over the door, reading, "A. Johnson, Tailor." Every now and then some old citizen turns up one of his receipted bills for making or repairing garments. He left no son, and the Patterson family, the descendants of his daughter, still occupy his former residence.

MILKING THE COW.

Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me, would you, with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingscups blow again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kissed me well, I vow;
Cuff him, could I? With my hands
Milking the cow?
Cuckoos fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you come and kissed me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;
Help it, can I? With my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringsides too again,
All things too again,
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

—Tennyson.

In running on to seemingly interesting statistics we not infrequently embody them in an editorial, with the impression, however, that the average reader will skip them. Judge of our surprise when, the other day, a gentleman who is not a business man, politician or professor, announced that of all the interesting things he finds in the Eagle the said statistics with their running comments are the most entertaining and instructive. Still, it remains for us to be convinced that an arithmetic could prove exciting reading.

Despite experience, common sense and repeated denials of expert chemists and assayers, in the face of the unending jeers of the newspapers, a number of people held to the belief that the Trego county shales, in which these dupes had invested, were gold-bearing. It now turns out that the shales were salted and that the Philadelphia chemist or assayer stood in with the fraud.

At Atchison county, Kansas, farmer by the name of Ike Peck, sent for his six grown children and their families to take dinner with him the other day. As they bade him goodbye in the evening he placed in the hands of each a check for \$2,000, or \$12,000 in all. Drouthy, cyclone-swept, grasshopper-ridden Kansas.

Kansas is traversed by three of the longest railway systems in the United States, the Santa Fe, the Union Pacific and the Rock Island-Frisco. But from Halifax to Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific railway is 3,662 miles, and the journey is the longest railway trip without a change in the world.

The new state board of barbers, organized by the last legislature, is going to run a boycott on safety razors, and prescribe that every male Kansan, over sixteen years old, shall subject himself to tonsorial manipulation by a licensed artist as frequently at least as twice a week.

When a well-to-do Chinaman has a grievance against another Chinaman he just kills him and then hires an other Chinaman to be arrested, tried and have his head cut off. This kind of rule in this country would bankrupt not a few good haters.

There is much talk of disarmament of the nations, of peace palaces and of arbitration. Yet all the while each power, respectively, is attempting to surpass all others in the construction of destructive machines of great cost, magnificence and force.

Editor Howe's celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Atchison Globe proved a musical picnic in which two or three thousand of his fellow citizens and outside admirers participated, including the governor of the state, who made a speech.

For years Minnesota mills produced Minneapolis flour from Kansas wheat, and Kansas millers made the same brand from the same wheat. Hereafter it is to be Kansas flour, by Kansas mills, from Kansas wheat.

The Kansas City Star's admonition of, and sympathy for, the Eagle is too much like Mark Twain's warning to his friends not to set his watch by that old clock, for it was three hundred years behind.

It is announced that Anna Dixie, who is in London, has grown jealous of Carrie Nation's petticoat publicity and that she has resolved to return to Kansas and start a reform paper.

A TRUE LOVE STORY.

It happened at Atlantic City. Five pretty summer maidens, five innocent toy balloons, five gushing little love notes and five happy young men. What a combination for a summer's romance! Yet such is the case.

All served to make the most interesting episode of the season, and the story is really worth listening to. The young ladies happened to meet in one of the Hotel Rudolf—and became quite jolly chums. Indeed, to such an extent did the summer's companionship grow between them that they did not even criticize each other's gowns, but were rather inseparable.

The young ladies were seated on the big ocean piazza of the Rudolf when a man passed with toy balloons. It was a hot day, and there was not much doing. In fact, the weather was so warm that one did not care to mingle with those on the beach or board walk. Instead, each girl purchased a balloon. Then they went to the Rudolf and wrote gushing love letters, after which they tied the notes to the balloons, sent them drift and awaited developments.

The young ladies' names? S-s-s-s-s! Yes, here they are: Miss May Anderson, New York; Miss Belle Meridale, Philadelphia; Miss Mary Agnes Martin, of Cincinnati; Miss Annie Sumner, of Baltimore; and Miss Sofia Reynolds, of Washington.

Well, they did not have to wait long, for the balloons, all sailing in a bunch, with the notes fluttering from their sticks, went galli through the air and out of sight. How far the balloons sailed is not known, but a party of young men were swimming near Helix's Pier, a short distance from the Rudolf, and they observed the balloons, and the piling of the pier. The young men were James Harrison, of Harrisburg; Harry Enderby, of St. Louis; Samuel Gehart, of Pittsburgh; John C. Skirm, of Colorado; and Samuels, of Detroit. They captured the balloons, the notes, later called on the young ladies whose addresses were on the notes, and from latest accounts have captured the fair writers. This is no manner of exaggeration. The story being ready on application at the Hotel Rudolf, where the young ladies are still registered.—New York World.

In New York.

(From the New York Post.)

In a certain office building in the downtown district there is a club on an upper floor, with an express elevator service for the members. The other day two of the last-mentioned elevators, in the dining room, where they had eaten luncheon, and eyed the elevator floor indicator. The arrow moved in two shafts, one of them the club elevator express route.

"How did you do it?" gasped the express passenger, digging down for the forgotten bank-note.

"Nonsense," said his companion. "I can get to the bottom of a local and beat you while I am doing it. This is no matter of dollars that you can't."

The engines in both shafts opened with a click, and without further parley the two men separated, entering different elevators. The local got away a fraction of a moment ahead of the express. When the man in the latter stepped out his acquaintance was waiting for him.

"How did you do it?" gasped the express passenger, digging down for the forgotten bank-note.

"That was easy," said his companion. "I gave my elevator man half of the bet some one calling from the roof. He went out and hunted up and down the stairs, but could find no one. When he called some one would answer, but when he would get close to the place where the voice came from he could get no answer. Finally, with the assistance of Mr. Amy, after an hour's search they found a fellow who proved to be Doc Lamb, in the employment of W. A. Beckner, in a mud puddle, with just the end of his nose protruding. It appears he had become a little dizzy-headed during the storm and fell from his horse and was unable to get up."

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

If anybody asks you about the corn crop in Oklahoma, tell them it is all right.

Oklahoma erect with arms folded is very confident that she is able to stand alone.

One hundred and sixty-three wagon loads of wheat were sold in Cherokee last Thursday.

Mayor Lincoln, of El Reno, lets people know what town he is from when he is outside of Oklahoma.

It would be a safe bet that the fellows in Oklahoma who pay for rain last week were not short on corn.

Two elevators at Watonga last month shipped out forty-six car loads of wheat. This shows that Blaine county can raise wheat.

It cannot be said that the county commissioners of Kay county are extravagant. The total levy for county purposes is ten mills.

The Leader wants the knackers to move out of Lexington. That paper must learn that the knacker, like the poor, ye always have with you.

A bootlegger opened up business in Cherokee. He lasted just one day, after which the Orient says he flew his kite for a more desirable location.

Temple claims to be the only city in Comanche county with a waterworks system. If the horses and dogs could talk they would thank the city for the public watering trough.

The Ponca City Courier says that the farmers of Oklahoma are not borrowing money, neither are they borrowing trouble. When they borrow the first they are very likely to get the latter.

The Chickasha Gin company is going to establish a cotton gin at Temple, in Comanche county. The machinery will be of sufficient capacity to run an oil mill in connection with the gin.

The Ponca City Democrat suggests to the farmers not to forget the local paper when they sell their first load of wheat. The paper devoted to the interest of its town and county is one of its support.

There is a proposition to combine the towns of Snyder and Mountain Park, which are only two miles apart. The only difficult thing about the arrangement is to determine whether to move Snyder to Mountain Park or vice versa.

Generally the first thing a town does when it tries to put on city airs is to declare war on the poor dogs. When they get bigger they declare the Salvation Army a nuisance. Some of the Oklahoma towns have arrived at the latter stage.

The Shawnee News says that footmen on the streets of that city are in danger at all times of being run over by careless horseback riders or drivers of vehicles. This recalls the old saying: "Put a hog on horseback and he will ride to hell."

Stroud Messenger: John Chouteau, of the Sac and Fox agency, is the only spotted Indian of this region. His whole body, excepting his head, is covered with white spots when he was twelve years old. Some of the white spots are large as a saucer. The strange discoloration of the skin doesn't pain him in the least. Scores of physicians who examined John's skin are were sure that the white spots are not of a leprosy nature, but they were unable to explain the spotting of the skin when John was twelve years of age.

Wagon Herald: Last Wednesday night during the rain, Tom Popplebaum, who lives two miles north of town, heard some one calling from the road. He went out and hunted up and down the road, but could find no one. When he called some one would answer, but when he would get close to the place where the voice came from he could get no answer. Finally, with the assistance of Mr. Amy, after an hour's search they found a fellow who proved to be Doc Lamb, in the employment of W. A. Beckner, in a mud puddle, with just the end of his nose protruding. It appears he had become a little dizzy-headed during the storm and fell from his horse and was unable to get up.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

The Garden City fair opens today. It is a big short grass country occasion.

The Sedan Christian Endeavor has re-organized. It will have to be done over about August 31.

The Winfield Courier prints a picture of Col. Loomis, the pacer. His breeding shows in every line.

The second rise in the Kaw is just a reminder to the people that North Toppa needs protection.

Emora Wynn has had a relapse and may die. Life or death for him means suffering for his friends.

The Santa Fe-Garden City telephone line was formally opened yesterday. Wires as "of old" are used.

The negro who killed a man at Larned is a preacher. His congregation must feel relieved to see him in jail.

The Trice store has opened at Winfield and the papers can once again turn their attention to the election of a pope.

The Macksville Argus ("the newspaper, not the editor," inserts Miss Doran in parenthesis), has a new dress this week.

Wichita has all other towns in Kansas beat for band music. It has a concert almost every night in the week and sometimes two a night.

Another joint was raised at Conway Springs last week. Conway and Genda Springs should build an interurban line for the use of the officers.

The Ninnesch river was up two feet Monday. The banks were lined with fishermen and many a catch was "made" with neither hook nor line.

Arkansas City, Genda, Wellington and Winfield threaten to build an interurban line of their own. Such a line will eventually be built without doubt.

Caldwell is advising her southern Kansas neighbors on voting interurban bonds. Somebody should tell Caldwell the story of little Buttinsky and the bully-guy.

According to the papers, this is the happiest time of a Kansas man's life with the exception of his wedding day. His family is just getting back from the seashore.

Rome is a good way behind Kansas. The expression, "Watch her smoke," so prevalent in that city just now, has been cut aside in the Sunflower state long since.

A Nebraska W. C. T. U. calls Carrie Nation "the pepper of the earth." There is little wonder that the earth at times trembles and belches forth fire when mankind so slanders it.

Emporia Gazette: An Emporia boy has been getting wild oats at a fearful rate and says he intends to reform, but it is just getting up to the maximum limit before he turns the tide.

A former minister at Holton has become a commercial drummer. He developed strength and valuable sales ability by kissing the women of his congregation, and couldn't resist the temptation to put them to a commercial use.

Emporia Gazette: A college boy will have a hard time getting a place to board when he comes back to Emporia again. The landladies are telling around that he has a record of seven eggs at one meal, which is enough to cause him to be seen and not get run over when occupying that conspicuous position.

Atchison Globe: Here is a new occupation for a woman: Sunbathing companion. Women are getting positions for this sort of work in New York. The Globe has long contended that there is a place in the world for professional sympathizers; one to whom a man could tell his troubles, and who wouldn't repeat the tale afterward.

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GENTS' 28-inch Carola Top Umbrellas, made with latest French horn, imported ivory, furze and boxwood handles, worth \$1.25 and \$1.50. Your choice of one hundred and ten Today..... \$100

LADIES' 26-inch Colored Heavy Twilled Silk Umbrellas, made with polka dot borders, furze and boxwood handles, tassel trimmed; regular \$3.50 kind. Today's choice..... \$269

Men's Handkerchiefs

Made of Cambric Remnants

Sale Today--

A manufacturer of fine shirts sold to us at a sacrifice a large consignment of high class short cuts or remnants. We had these made up in Large Size Fancy Handkerchiefs at a very little cost, placing ourselves in position to offer regular 20 cent values at a pronounced saving. This morning a whole window full in neat dots, stripes and figures. Your choice..... 12c

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